

## CHAPTER LXIV.

OF AN UNLUCKY ADVENTURE, WHICH DON QUIXOTE  
LAI'D MOST TO HEART OF ANY THAT HAD  
YET BEFALLEN HIM

DON ANTONIO'S lady was extremely pleased with the company of the fair Morisca, whose sense being as exquisite as her beauty, drew all the most considerable persons in the city to visit her. Don Quixote told Don Antonio, that he could by no means approve the method they had taken to release Don Gregorio, it being full of danger, with little or no probability of success; but that their surest way would have been to set him ashore in Barbary, with his horse and arms, and leave it to him to deliver the gentleman, in spite of all the Moorish power, as Don Gayferos had formerly rescued his wife Melisandra. "Good, your worship," quoth Sancho, hearing this, "look before you leap. Don Gayferos had nothing but a fair face for it on dry land, when he carried her to France. But here, if it please you, though we should deliver Don Gregorio, how the devil

shall we bring him over to Spain, across the broad sea?"—"There is a remedy for all things but death," answered Don Quixote; "it is but having a bark ready by the sea-side, and then let me see what can hinder our getting into it."—"Ah! master, master," quoth Sancho, "there is more to be done than a dish to wash. Saying is one thing, and doing is another; and, for my part, I like the renegado very well; he seems to me a good honest fellow, and cut out for the business."—"Well," said Don Antonio, "if the renegado fails, then the great Don Quixote shall embark for Barbary."

In two days the renegado was dispatched away in a fleet cruiser of six oars on each side, manned with brisk lusty fellows; and two days after that, the galleys, with the general, left the port, and steered their course eastward; the general having first engaged the viceroy to give him an account of Don Gregorio's and Anna Felix's fortune.

Now it happened one morning that Don Quixote going abroad to take the air upon the sea-shore, armed at all points, according to his custom, his arms, as he said, being his best attire, as combat was his refreshment, he spied a knight riding towards him, armed like himself from head to foot, with a bright moon blazoned

on his shield, who coming within hearing, called out to him, "Illustrious, and never-sufficiently extolled Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the White Moon, whose incredible achievements perhaps have reached thy ears. Lo! I am come to enter into combat with thee, and to compel thee, by dint of sword, to own and acknowledge my mistress, by whatever name and dignity she be distinguished, to be, without any degree of comparison, more beautiful than thy Dulcinea del Toboso. Now, if thou wilt fairly confess this truth, thou freest thyself from certain death, and me from the trouble of taking or giving thee thy life. If not, the conditions of our combat are these: If victory be on my side, thou shalt be obliged immediately to forsake thy arms, and the quest of adventures, and to return to thy own house, where thou shalt engage to live, quietly and peaceably, for the space of one whole year, without laying hand on thy sword, to the improvement of thy estate, and the salvation of thy soul. But, if thou comest off conqueror, my life is at thy mercy, my horse and arms shall be thy trophy, and the fame of all my former exploits, by the lineal descent of conquest, be vested in thee as victor. Consider what thou hast to do, and let thy answer

be quick, for my dispatch is limited to this very day."

Don Quixote was amazed and surprised, as much at the arrogance of the Knight of the White Moon's challenge, as at the subject of it; so, with a solemn and austere address, "Knight of the White Moon," said he, "whose achievements have as yet been kept from my knowledge, it is more than probable that you have never seen the illustrious Dulcinea; for, had you ever viewed her perfections, you had there found arguments enough to convince you, that no beauty, past, present, or to come, can parallel hers; and, therefore, without giving you directly the lie, I only tell thee, knight, thou art mistaken; and this position I will maintain, by accepting your challenge, on your conditions, except that article of your exploits descending to me; for, not knowing what character your actions bear, I shall rest satisfied with the fame of my own, by which, such as they are, I am willing to abide. And, since your time is so limited, choose your ground, and begin your career as soon as you will, and expect to be met with. A fair field, and no favour: To whom God shall give her,\* St Peter give his blessing."

\* Meaning victory. These are words used at the marriage ceremony.

While these two knights were thus adjusting the preliminaries of combat, the viceroy, who had been informed of the Knight of the White Moon's appearance near the city walls, and his parleying with Don Quixote, hastened to the scene of battle, not suspecting it to be any thing but some new device of Don Antonio Moreno, or somebody else. Several gentlemen, and Don Antonio among the rest, accompanied him thither. They arrived just as Don Quixote was wheeling Rozinante to fetch his career, and seeing them both ready for the onset, he interposed, desiring to know the cause of the sudden combat. The Knight of the White Moon told him there was a lady in the case, and briefly repeated to his excellency what had passed between him and Don Quixote. The viceroy whispered Don Antonio, and asked him whether he knew that Knight of the White Moon, and whether their combat was not some jocular device to impose upon Don Quixote? Don Antonio answered positively, that he neither knew the knight, nor whether the combat were in jest or earnest. This put the viceroy to some doubt whether he should not prevent their engagement; but, being at last persuaded that it must be a jest at the bottom, he withdrew. "Valorous knights," said he, "if there

be no medium between confession and death, but Don Quixote be still resolved to deny, and you, the Knight of the White Moon, as obstinately to urge, I have no more to say; the field is free, and the Lord have mercy on you."

The knights made their compliments to the viceroy for his gracious consent; and Don Quixote, making some short ejaculations to Heaven and his mistress, as he always used upon these occasions, began his career, without either sound of trumpet or any other signal. His adversary was no less forward; for setting spurs to his horse, which was much the swifter, he met Don Quixote before he had run half his career, so forcibly, that without making use of his lance, which it is thought he lifted up on purpose, he overthrew the Knight of la Mancha and Rozinante, both coming to the ground with a terrible fall.

The Knight of the White Moon got immediately upon him, and clapping the point of his lance to his face, "Knight," cried he, "you are vanquished, and a dead man, unless you immediately fulfil the conditions of your combat." Don Quixote, bruised and stunned with his fall, without lifting up his beaver, answered in a faint hollow voice, as if he had

spoken out of a tomb, "Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman in the world, and I the most unfortunate knight upon the earth. It were unjust that such perfection should suffer through my weakness. No, pierce my body with thy lance, knight, and let my life expire with my honour."—"Not so rigorous neither," replied the conqueror; "let the fame of the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso remain entire and unblemished; provided the great Don Quixote return home for a year, as we agreed before the combat, I am satisfied." The viceroy and Don Antonio, with many other gentlemen, were witnesses to all these passages, and particularly to this proposal; to which Don Quixote answered, that, upon condition he should be enjoined nothing to the prejudice of Dulcinea, he would, upon the faith of a true knight, be punctual in the performance of every thing else. This acknowledgment being made, the Knight of the White Moon turned about his horse, and saluting the viceroy, rode at a hand gallop into the city, whither Don Antonio followed him, at the viceroy's request, to find who he was, if possible.

Don Quixote was lifted up, and upon taking off his helmet, they found him pale, and in a cold sweat. As for Rozinante, he was in so

sad a plight, that he could not stir for the present. Then, as for Sancho, he was in so heavy a taking, that he knew not what to do nor what to say; he was sometimes persuaded he was in a dream, sometimes he fancied this rueful adventure was all witchcraft and enchantment. In short, he found his master discomfited in the face of the world, and bound to good behaviour, and to lay aside his arms for a whole year. Now he thought his glory eclipsed, his hopes of greatness vanished into smoke, and his master's promises, like his bones, put out of joint by that cursed fall, which he was afraid had at once crippled Rozinante and his master. At last, the vanquished knight was put into a chair, which the viceroy had sent for that purpose, and they carried him into town, accompanied likewise by the viceroy, who had a great curiosity to know who this Knight of the White Moon was, that had left Don Quixote in so sad a condition.